

“Clean”



I gave myself an enema the other day,
took some antibiotics.
Thought to myself,
“This is really the poet’s
place in the world—
not sitting in some pasture,
not smoking in some bar,
not fucking someone lovely,
not courting Gods or Jesus.

No.

The poet’s place
is kneeling down,
naked,
with something
or other
stuck
up his ass,
in a desperate
attempt
to get
clean.”

“Clean” by Adam Fieled first appeared in print journal “Siren’s Silence” in 1998.

